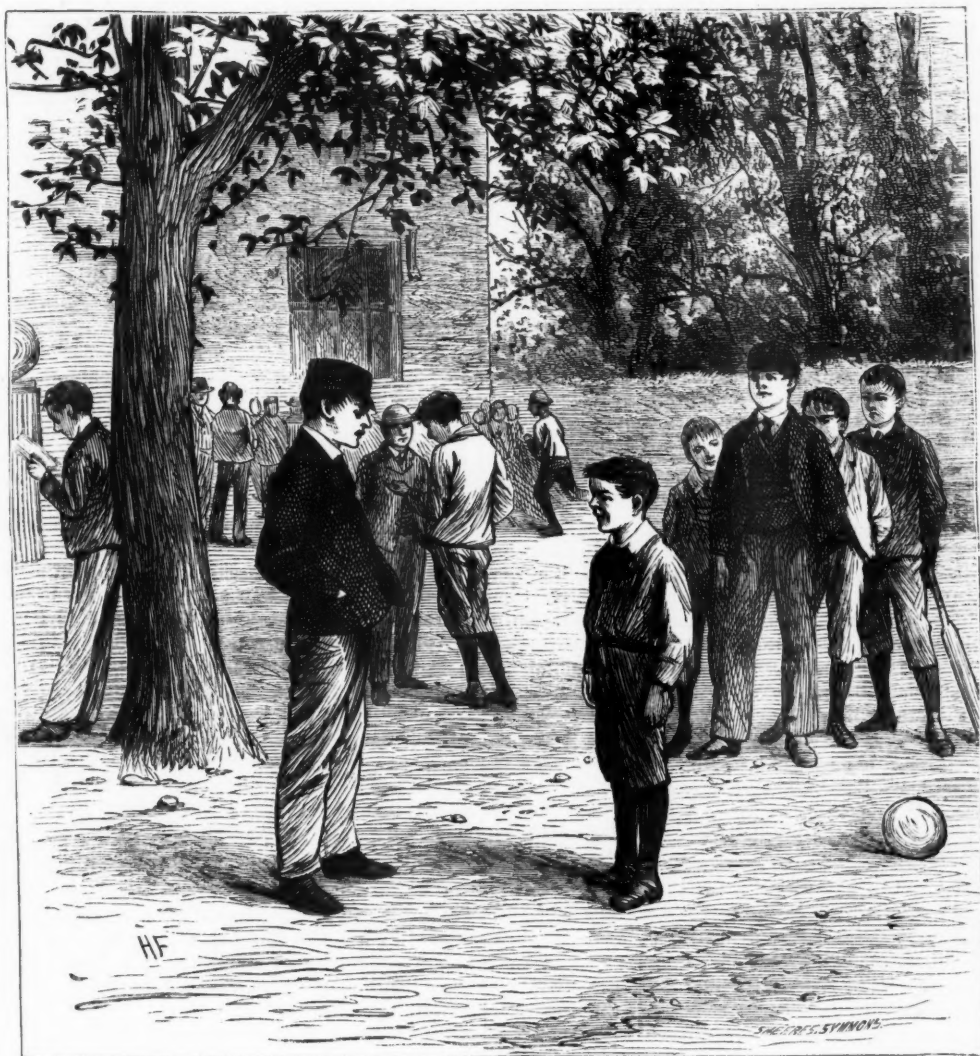


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Couper.*



LITTLE MARTIN.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—NOT ASHAMED.

Who read a chapter when they rise
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

—*George Herbert.*

An honest mind, and plain : he must speak truth.—*Shakespeare.*

TOM HOWARD'S anticipations in regard to new friendships at Abbotscliff were fully realised.

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The cakes might have had something to do with it, but he found many of the boys disposed to be friendly, especially when Chaffin was not at hand ; and some of them he felt sure were above mercenary considerations. In the evening, when his companions had to prepare their work for the next day, Mr. Grantly took the new boy, who had as yet no fixed place in the school, and therefore no lessons to get ready, again into his study, and gave him an amusing book to read, talking to him occasionally

PRICE ONE PENNY.

without reserve, and encouraging him to make a friend of him, and to come to him for advice or assistance whenever he might require it. He gave him some useful hints about the rules and customs of the school, and the boy listened to him with grateful attention, and again congratulated himself upon the good fortune, or rather good Providence, which had directed his steps to such a school. He was reserved, however, and did not speak much about his adventures of the previous day. It had been hinted, both by the pilot and afterwards by Mrs. Roseberry, that it was hard lines for him at his age, being sent ashore in that way without any one to look after him, and he was secretly afraid that Mr. Grantly might entertain a similar opinion: that would have been unjust towards his parents, so he thought he had better keep his own counsel. Mr. Grantly was attracted by the boy's manner and character, frank, yet not talkative, cheerful, but serious, quiet, and intelligent; and yet simple-minded, almost childish in some of his ideas.

"There is one thing I shall ask you to do, Howard," Mr. Grantly said; "all my boys do it, I believe: read a psalm or a few verses of the Bible every night before you go to bed, and after that no more talking."

"Oh, yes, sir, I always do that," he answered; "except when I'm very sleepy."

"I don't like exceptions," Mr. Grantly replied. "They are apt to increase and to become frequent, until they form the rule. Only a few verses, you know, giving your mind to them as much as you can. You will not find it difficult."

Tom promised Mr. Grantly that he would do as he required; he had already promised his mother the same thing, and meant to adhere to it strictly. She had drawn up a kind of almanack of short daily readings for him, keeping a duplicate for herself; and they had agreed together to read the same portion each day. They would have liked to be able to feel that they were both reading the same words and thinking the same thoughts at one and the same moment; but there were difficulties arising from the difference of longitude which would render that almost impracticable. They intended, however, to approach it as nearly as circumstances would permit; and although Tom had confessed, in his strict honesty, to past exceptions, he did not mean to admit of any in future.

"Of course you say your prayers every night?" Mr. Grantly said.

"Of course I do," said Tom.

"Sleepy or not sleepy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some boys think more about religion than others," Mr. Grantly remarked. "You will find it so among your companions. I hope they all have some serious thoughts and impressions; but there's a difference. You have been well taught, no doubt."

"Yes, sir; I have, indeed," Tom answered, his eyes getting moist, as he thought of his mother's early lessons.

"I thought so. Well, you know, Tom—that's your name, isn't it?—the great thing in religion, as well as in most other matters, is to be sincere and steadfast, not to get excited now and then and talk a great deal about your feelings, but to have it in your heart, as a guiding principle in all that you do. Religion should be like the mainspring of a watch,

you know, which keeps all the wheels going, though nobody sees it. 'In season and out of season:' it comes to the front, and is shown plainly when occasion calls for it—that is *in* season; and it's the regulating principle at all times, though unseen—that's *out* of season."

Tom made no reply. He was afraid he had not so much religion as he ought to have, notwithstanding his mother's excellent lessons.

"You will find," Mr. Grantly went on, "that some of the boys make more profession than others. I am speaking chiefly of the elder boys, but the younger ones follow their example, and are a good deal under their influence. Don't be carried away by first impulses; don't take up with any special friend or party to the exclusion of others; stand to your own principles, and give others credit for being sometimes better than they seem. See how the 'watch' goes, Tom, and if it keeps good time there cannot be much amiss with the mainspring. And as for yourself, be guided by circumstances. If occasion arises for you to speak of religion, do so, firmly and boldly. You need not parade it unnecessarily; but never be ashamed of it."

Tom looked at Mr. Grantly open-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Ashamed of religion?" he said, simply, and with unconcealed astonishment. "Why should I?"

Mr. Grantly was struck with the emphatic yet perfectly natural manner of the boy's question—"Why should I?" He began to feel for his own part embarrassed, if not ashamed, at having given him such advice. The reproach came home to himself also in a way that could not have been anticipated; for he was conscious of having on more than one occasion avoided speaking of religion to the elder boys when he ought to have done so; he had failed to rebuke a light word, or affected not to hear an irreverent jest, because he did not like to have it said that he was "preaching." Which of us has not been guilty of similar acts of unfaithfulness? Ashamed! Yes, he had been ashamed of his Master and of His word, and this young boy's simple, unconsidered reply, was a sharper reproof to him than any well argued sermon could have been. He felt that it would do him good, and that he had gained something in return for the counsel he had offered.

"He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

"No, Tom," he said; "why should you, indeed? Why should any of us be ashamed of saying or doing what is right?" He did not attempt to give him any further counsel or instruction that night, but occupied himself with his own thoughts till supper-time.

There was a good supper for the boys, for it was an axiom with the management that "growing boys" require more nourishment than men; and it was better for them to have good wholesome food than to eke out a scanty diet with tarts, and sausages, and pork pies, and such other dainties as boys are apt to purchase at a pastrycook's. Their parents paid for board; and board, good and sufficient, ought in common honesty to be provided for their sons; that was admitted and acted upon with liberality. After supper there was an interval for amusement; then the bell rang for prayers, and immediately afterwards the junior school were dismissed to bed.

The dormitories were so arranged that every boy had a separate compartment, or "cubicle," as it was called. When Tom Howard was shown to his, he

could almost have fancied that he was again on board the ship which had brought him home from India, it so nearly resembled the little cabin which he had occupied on that voyage. If there had been a port-hole instead of a window it would have been still more like, and still more delightful. There was a long corridor, with a fireplace at the end, and on either side of it a series of small compartments divided one from another by fixed screens, or bulk-heads, as Tom called them, of woodwork; they were open at the top, but afforded complete privacy to the occupant. Each cubicle contained, in addition to the bed, a washstand and all else that was requisite for cleanliness and comfort. The walls of most of them were adorned with pictures, according to the fancy of the occupants. Tom found that he could read his psalm or chapter, and kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers, without fear of interruption. That was a privilege which, from all that he had heard of schools in former times, he had not expected. Although still yearning in his heart for the dear faces which he missed, and for the loving kiss which his mother scarcely ever failed to bring him after he was in bed, he no longer felt depressed or lonely. School was a much better place than he had expected to find it, and he hoped he should get used to it and like it.

CHAPTER X.—GREENING.

A glibbing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow, laughing hearers give to fools.

—Shakespeare.

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment.

—Ibid.

THE following morning, as soon as Tom Howard made his appearance in the playground, Chaffin came to him and volunteered to give him information with reference to the day's proceedings; but Tom was on his guard.

"I need not believe you unless I like, I suppose," he said, and turned away without taking any further notice of him. It was well that he did so, for Chaffin wanted to "green him," as he called it, and would have made him do something ridiculous, or perhaps incur some penalty for a breach of discipline. He saw very little of Chaffin during the remainder of the day, for they were not in the same room. Tom was in the classical school, and very fairly placed for his age; while Chaffin was in the lower modern, and had been there ever since his first arrival at the school. The lower modern was a sort of limbo, to which those who could make no progress elsewhere were consigned; and although there were some clever boys who entered it in their course of study, these passed through it quickly, while the idle ones remained; so that it was not held in much estimation generally.

Two or three days later, when Tom was again in the playground, and had begun to feel at home there, a little boy named Martin—the youngest in the school, or nearly so—came running to him with a look of excitement, and said, "There's a hamper come for you, Howard; a porter has just brought it up from the station."

"For me?" cried Tom; "another hamper for me? Are you certain?"

"Quite; it has got your name upon it."

"Where is it?"

"In the common room. It looks—it looks as if it had a cake in it, and a lot of other things."

"Is there anything to pay?" Tom asked.

"No, I believe not; the porter is gone."

The boy laughed as he said it, anticipating a share of the cake, Tom thought.

"Come with me," said Tom, "and let us see what's in it."

Howard's cakes had begun to be quite a joke among the boys, and a very good joke, too, some of them thought. Two to begin with was unusual, and a third to follow so quickly was exciting. The other cakes had been cut up and distributed freely, and many of the boys who had tasted them followed our hero in expectation of a treat. Two or three of the elder boys also were taken with the humour of the thing, and looked with interest at the newly-arrived hamper. Some of them had begun to adopt as fact the pastrycook theory hinted at by Chaffin, who was supposed to know all about Tom and his belongings, but they did not generally think any the worse of their new schoolfellow on that account, and some of them were disposed to like him the better for it. A fat-faced youngster, who went by the nickname of Piggy, was heard to say in confidence to another boy that he should not much care if his own father were a pastrycook.

The hamper was found in the common room, as had been stated, and from its appearance might have been twin-brother to one of the former ones.

"I wonder who has sent it?" said Tom, to himself, examining the direction. "Mr. Darville, perhaps. Joan may have given him a hint; if so, he would be sure to go and do it directly. I wonder who can have sent it?" he repeated, aloud.

"I should not care who sent it," cried Chaffin, who was by this time at his elbow, watching the process of opening the hamper with great exultation. "What does it signify where it comes from as long as it's there? We know where it will go to, and that's enough."

"I don't agree with you," said Tom; "half the pleasure of receiving a present is to know how kind people have been in sending it. I should not so much care for having a cake if I did not know whom to thank for it."

"I should, then," said Chaffin. "If anybody were to fling one at my head I should take it up and eat it."

The others told him to "get out," and not talk like a hog, to which the "Dook" replied that he had not been much in the society of hogs, and had never heard them talk; and there was more banter of the kind, Tom proceeding all the while with the opening of the hamper in the midst of an excited group, who were laughing and expressing the delight they anticipated when the cake should be reached. But there was a great deal to be done before that happened, for the hamper was carefully secured to begin with, and then there were so many wrappers of brown paper, newspaper, and other paper, each tied round with a separate string, that they began at length to doubt whether it could be a cake after all. It must be something a great deal more precious, some of them argued—perhaps a box of rupees from India. Tom went on turning the parcel over, cutting the strings and unfolding the wrappers one after another, until he reached what seemed to be the nucleus. No, it could not be a cake, it was so small and heavy. He was glad of it; something more

durable would please him better, something that he would be able to keep in remembrance of those who had sent it. Very likely it was a book, with a letter accompanying it. His fingers trembled with excitement as he unfolded the last wrapper. No, it was not a book. There was a general laugh as the enclosure was revealed, but Tom did not join it. A brick—a common red brick in all its ugliness—dropped out of his hands into the empty hamper.

"Greened at last!" cried Chaffin. But Tom did not trust himself to answer, or even to look at him. He recovered himself in a few moments, and joined in the laugh which had been raised at his expense; and leaving the brick where it was, went back to the playground, the others accompanying and condoling with him.

"It was a shame," they said, "to play a new boy such a trick as that. Tom was a 'brick' himself to take it as he did." They knew what it was to have a hamper from home, and thought it a sorry and unfeeling trick. Home was something sacred in their minds, and ought not to be joked about by other boys. It would serve Chaffin right to take him at his word and fling the "cake" at his head, and make him eat it afterwards.

Tom did not say much; he had guessed that it was Chaffin's doing; but he was angry that little Martin should have been made an agent in the deception, and induced to tell so many falsehoods about it. He got hold of him in the evening, and talked to him seriously and quietly on the subject.

"It was only in fun," Martin said; "all the fellows green one another when they can. It never does any harm."

"That is more than you can tell," said Tom; "it's bad in itself, that's what I want you to see."

The child was not easily convinced. He had been made the subject of many similar jokes himself. He went by the name of "Swallow" among his playfellows, not so much because his proper name was Martin as on account of the readiness he had displayed when he first came to school to swallow everything that was told him. Now he was aways on his guard, and got into trouble sometimes by refusing to believe what was told him in good faith. But he always got out again pretty soon, and did not suffer himself to be afflicted much about anything; a good-natured, merry, laughing boy he was, and a general favourite both with young and old.

"You did not care about it," said the boy; "you did not mind it, did you?"

Tom evaded the question; he did not like to tell any one how disappointed he had felt.

"We ought to be very particular about the truth," Tom said. "If we are careless about it and trifle with it, we may get into bad habits before we are aware. Think how many lies you told me this morning about the porter having gone away, and the carriage being paid, one after another. You may think it very clever to invent such falsehoods, but I think it very wrong. If Chaffin had come to me himself and said what you did, I should not have believed him; but I believed you at once. Of course I should not believe you again, whatever you might say."

"That would be a great shame," said Martin, looking hot and indignant. "I don't tell lies, not real ones. I would not tell a real lie for anybody."

"Well then, Swallow, if you will promise to give up greening, and telling stories for fun, I'll promise

for my part to believe every word you say. Will that do?"

"Yes," said the other, thoughtfully; "I'll give it up, as you don't like it."

"That's not a good reason. You read your Bible before you go to bed, Swallow, do you not?"

"Yes; sometimes. Not always, though."

"That's the truth at all events; you could not tell a falsehood about that, could you? Well then, have you ever met with this passage: 'As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?' Firebrands, arrows, and death! Think of that. Nobody can tell what mischief may arise from sporting with the truth. It is very difficult to say where greening ends and lying, real lying, as you call it, begins; they are too much alike. You are an honest boy now, Swallow, and I want you to avoid all risk of becoming anything else."

"I will, too," said the other, looking up into Tom's face seriously.

When they went in to tea, to the surprise of all except one or two, the brick was found upon the table at the place where Chaffin was accustomed to sit. He removed it immediately, but not before it had been seen by many of the boys, who did not fail to improve the circumstance as their schoolboy wit suggested, till Mr. Grantly came in, when they were obliged to be silent. But when the bell rang again for "preparation," there, in the class-room on Chaffin's desk, the brick was again to be observed, and the laughter and banter which ensued was now less restrained. Chaffin lost his temper, too, and began to abuse and threaten his tormentors.

"If I can only find out who put it here, I'll pay him for his trouble," he said.

"What do you pay per thousand for setting bricks in that style?" some one asked him.

"What am I to do with the horrid thing?" he said, without replying to the question.

"Hang it round your neck," said another, "like the albatross in the 'Ancient Mariner.'"

"Send it to your father," said a third; "it might be useful to him; he is in a large way, you know, and must want a great many bricks. Send it him in the hamper, carriage paid."

"Chaffin reminds me of Scholasticus," said a boy named Hall, one of the seniors, "sitting there with his brick before him."

"What does he say?" Chaffin asked of Piggy, who was nearest to him; "what does he mean by Scholasticus?"

"A lower modern," the senior boy explained; and again there was a laugh at the Dook's expense. "Scholasticus, you know," he continued, "was a certain clever fellow in ancient times who had a house to sell, and who carried one of the bricks with him wherever he went as a sample."

Chaffin would have told the narrator to "shut up," but it would have been dangerous to take liberties with a preceptor, being himself only a "lower mod." But silence was presently called, and they all set to work in earnest, and Chaffin was left in peace till they had finished.

But at night, after the lights were put out in the dormitories, when Chaffin was getting into bed, there was the brick once more, lying in wait for him between the sheets. He roared out as he struck his toes against it, and was still more exasperated upon hearing sounds of smothered laughter, in reply,

from the adjoining cubicles. The brick seemed to haunt him. Was he never to be rid of it? Without stopping to consider what he was doing, he opened the little window of his cubicle and threw the offensive object away from him with all the force he could muster; it fell with a heavy crash upon some slates below, rolled over and over, rattling horribly, and then stopped.

Some one came out upon the lawn soon afterwards, and called out to know what had happened. Chaffin thought he recognised Dr. Piercey's voice, and was terribly alarmed; but he closed the window as quietly as he could, crept into bed, and pretended to be asleep. He had forgotten the building below, a corridor, by which the dormitories were connected with the head master's house; but he hoped there was no harm done, and that he had now seen the last of his enemy the brick.

The next morning, however, as soon as it was light, he peeped out, anxious to see what damage had been done to the roof below. Two or three slates were broken; that was serious enough; but that was not all. The brick had been arrested by some spouting under the eaves, and there it lay, almost on the balance, apparently, ready to fall with the first impulse upon a skylight a little lower down. A breath of wind, or a sparrow alighting on it, might be sufficient to bring on the catastrophe. And then what might be the consequences? It might even fall upon Dr. Piercey's head as he passed under it. At all events, certain and severe punishment, Chaffin felt sure, must descend upon his own.

He began to think whether it would be possible for him to recover the brick from its threatening position without being seen. A few hours before, his chief thought had been how to get rid of it; now his only care was how to regain possession of it. He vowed to himself that he would not play practical jokes again; not of this kind, at all events. It was a long way down to the roof below, and there was no level standing-place for him if he should succeed in getting there; but there was a square iron spout running down by the side of his window, with joints at intervals, upon which he could rest his feet. The descent appeared quite practicable, if he could only muster courage to attempt it. But the more he looked at the spout the less he liked it, and he sat for a long while upon the window-sill without venturing farther. Oh, how he hated that brick! There it lay, taking no notice of him, but threatening him, nevertheless, with pains and penalties which he could not endure to think of—for Chaffin was not of the stuff that heroes are made of. He gave it up at last; he could not venture; he should get out of the scrape somehow or other, he thought. Nobody had seen him throw the abominable brick down; he had only to keep his own counsel, and to deny all knowledge of it, and it would be impossible to bring the offence home to him. The step from greening to lying was not such a long one but that Chaffin could thus think of accommodating himself to it.

But while he was thus hesitating and reflecting, other boys had begun to wake up, disturbed, perhaps, by the noise which he had made, and two or three voices were heard inquiring what was "up."

Among others, Tom Howard appeared upon the scene, and looking from the window of Chaffin's cubicle, took a survey of the situation.

"It's easy enough," he said; "anybody could get down by that spout, and up again."

"I can't," said Chaffin, "but I don't care. I did not bring the thing upstairs, and those who did must take the consequences."

"You threw it out of window, at any rate," said one of them; "and if it should fall through the skylight it would be your fault. It might fall, you know, just when Dr. Piercey was passing under it; in that case his brains would be dashed out."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Chaffin, turning deadly pale.

"It's shocking to think of," the other continued, revelling in the catastrophe suggested; "Dr. Piercey! Such a man as he is, to have his brains dashed out! And such brains, and such a lot of them! Piercey is one of the most learned and best scholars in England. It would create a sensation all through the country!"

"Never mind," said Tom, beginning to feel compassion for the unhappy Chaffin. "I'll make it all right. Stand back, you fellows."

Balancing himself for a moment on the window-sill, he grasped the iron pipe, swung himself on to it, and descended without much difficulty to the slates below. Then he crept down the slates, on all fours, till he could reach the brick, and having deposited it in a safe place, made his way back again to the spout and began to climb it. He was active and fearless, and had not lost the agility acquired on board ship on his voyage from India, and recently exercised again in the Neptune. But it was a harder task to climb up than to descend; and when he had reached the level of the dormitory window the most perilous part of the exploit remained to be accomplished. The boys stretched out their hands to help him in his passage from the spout to the window-sill; but his nerve did not fail, and bidding them stand aside he "lay out," as he would have called it, till he could get a firm hold of the window-frame, and in another moment was safe inside the dormitory.

Two of the monitors had been aroused by this time and had witnessed the feat.

"Well," said one of them, "you are a plucky little fellow, and as active as a monkey. But don't you know, young sir, that this is against all rules. No boy is allowed to enter another's cubicle. There is no law against climbing down the spout, I believe, for that was never contemplated; but I shall have to report you for what you have done."

"I am very sorry," said Tom. "I did not intend to do anything wrong. I won't do it again."

"I must report you," said the monitor. "Mr. Grantly will do as he thinks proper. I shall tell him how it all happened; and look here; you must go into training for the athletics next term; you must win a prize or two, do you hear?"

Tom was reported, but Mr. Grantly was not very angry with him. He sent for Chaffin, however, and told him that if he ever got that new boy into trouble again he would send him up to the head master for punishment, and that he had better give up trying to "green" others, for there was not a greater blockhead in the school than himself. Any idiot could tell a lie, or play practical jokes; but if he had any regard for his own skin he had better avoid such practices. And Chaffin, who had expected that he should get into trouble for breaking the slates, and who did not know that Tom Howard had begged him off, only answered, "Yes, sir; no, sir; yes, sir; thank you, sir," and went his way.



A DESERTED INDIAN CAMP.

SOME little time ago, in looking through a bundle of Vancouver's Island newspapers, I was struck by the mention of a name well remembered in many parts of South America, and familiar to me when residing in that part of the world. Towards the close of 1860, a Peruvian ship, the *Florencia*, capsized at sea, and among the lives lost was a Dr. Baillie, who had taken passage for a visit to Callao. The Vancouver's Island papers expressed the deep sorrow of the whole community for the loss of one of the oldest and most respected residents. Although not known to fame by any noted services or published works, he was a remarkable man, and a worthy example of the Scotchmen who by talents and character occupy a conspicuous place in many regions of the globe. A few incidents in his life seem worthy of record.

Thomas Bissett Baillie, youngest son of General Baillie, of Carnbroe, Lanarkshire, was born in 1806. After attending the High School at Edinburgh, he studied medicine at the University, and received his diploma as surgeon and degree as doctor when still a very young man. An intense wish to travel made him gladly seize an opportunity of going out to Buenos Ayres. From thence he sailed in a Buenos Ayrean ship of war to Patagonia, a country then very little known, and it was in the various explorations he then made through that strange land that his zest for travel was strengthened. On returning to Buenos Ayres he established himself there as a physician, and gained a high character, both in his profession and for his moral, social, and intellectual qualities. He married Margaret, third daughter of Captain William Anderson, 71st Highlanders, a marriage which brought much domestic happiness.

A grateful patient, whom he had attended through a dangerous illness, on his recovery made Dr. Baillie a present of a slave named José Maria, to whom he at once gave his liberty. José proved worthy of the gift, serving his master well and faithfully, accompanying him in all his wanderings—and they were many—through much of South America, over the Andes topped with perpetual snows, through valleys, across the immense pampas and torrid plains. Dr. Baillie was a first-rate botanist and geologist, and he explored with untiring zeal, and, better than this, never lost an opportunity of doing acts of Christian kindness and charity, for his was a beautiful unselfish character. In the memoranda of Dr. Baillie's life, which I have before me, and which are worthy of being made into a biography, I find many striking adventures of travel; from these I extract here only a few which seem most interesting.

In the year 1834, General Francisco de Santa Cruz, then president of the Bolivian Republic, and a special friend of Dr. Baillie, sent him on an exploring expedition into the interior of Bolivia, to report on the mineral and botanical wealth of that country. Dr. Baillie had established his headquarters at Coroico, the chief town in the province of the Yungas, then in a very wild state, now cleared

and much cultivated, and producing, it is said, the best coffee in the world. In this town he left his wife and young children and started on his exploring journey across the Sierra da Cruz into the valley of the Yungas, accompanied by a great friend of his, Padre Antonio, his faithful José, two Indian guides, and four muleteers. Padre Antonio was a Roman Catholic priest, who, though widely differing from the doctor in religious belief, was, like him, full of kindly Christian charity. He was a man of much intelligence, who had mixed a great deal with the Indian tribes, and spoke the Chiquita language taught them by the Jesuit missionaries, and would therefore prove a good auxiliary in the new country.

During their travels Dr. Baillie discovered many rare plants, and fully ascertained that immense mineral wealth lay beneath the soil.

One day the travellers found themselves unexpectedly on what had been an Indian camp, which at first sight seemed quite deserted, but the marks of recent camp fires showed that the Indians had not long left it. The guides were questioned, and they decided that this tribe of Indians were not only warlike and fierce, but also cannibals. Dr. Baillie ordered a halt, and began an inspection of the various bamboo huts. Passing one, he heard a deep groan, and entering, found a poor Indian woman, lying on the ground, apparently dying of malignant small-pox. By her side was a jar of water and some pieces of coarse corn bread, but she had not strength to touch either. The good doctor administered some medicine to her, and placed her, with José's assistance, on a heap of palm leaves. A quiet sleep soon succeeded the agony of the disease. A further search discovered over twenty sick men and women, and more than a dozen dead bodies, principally those of youths and children. The fearful and much-dreaded small-pox had broken out in the encampment, and the chief of the tribe had decreed an immediate abandonment of it, leaving the dying and the dead.

Dr. Baillie at once determined that here was the best work for him to do. He was bound, it was true, on scientific exploration, but this he would postpone, and remain with these poor suffering creatures to relieve and cure them if possible.

The Indian guides were panic-stricken, and fled, and the muleteers, fearful of infection, would render no assistance, but kept with their mules, at some distance from the encampment. Two of these Dr. Baillie sent back to Coroico for necessities and more medicines; and, with the good Padre and José, out of the materials of the deserted huts, and with boughs and branches of trees, he then made up two large huts. Into one of these they carefully moved such of the poor women as could be moved, and into the second the men, making them all as comfortable as possible on beds of grass and leaves. Though having lived at this time for many years in the tropics, Dr. Baillie had lost none of the physical activity of his northern race, and was able to do double the work

of his willing helpers, the Padre and José. They continued their work of mercy till sunset, and then, by the clear moonlight, opened a large grave and buried therein the forsaken dead.

Next morning, after seeing to the wants of the patients, Dr. Baillie and José followed the trail of the fugitive Indians, and found several victims to the disease who had been abandoned. They brought them back to their hospital, but with great difficulty, as the poor Indians feared being taken by a white man, and even more by a black one. All fears, however, were soon replaced by loving trust in their good friends. And the spot was a beautiful one: a wide valley, fringed by wooded hills rich in all the gorgeous foliage of the tropics, a stream flowing near, and lofty snow-capped mountains in the distance. Through many weeks the good doctor and priest and José laboured indefatigably among their patients with the pleasant reward of seeing many of them recover health and strength, and leave rejoicing to join their tribe, and with the trial of having to dig several graves in that lonely encampment. The most tedious and difficult case was that of the first poor woman the doctor had found, whose name was Zuga, but his skill and care brought her through the illness, and she, too, left with vehement regret and protestations of love and gratitude. Dr. Baillie at parting gave her a small silver brooch, and the Padre a small crucifix.

After this occurrence, some years passed on, and Dr. Baillie was again on an exploring expedition in the interior of Bolivia, accompanied by his faithful José and the usual guides. One day, being very much absorbed in botanical researches, he wandered from his companions, and, without any warning, was surrounded and taken prisoner by some Indians. José, soon missing his dear master, went in search of him, and was seized, too, by the same Indians. The guides took alarm, mounted their mules, and escaped. When evening came, the party started for the mountains, having placed the doctor and José on led horses, to which they were tied, and travelled on until sunrise, halted during the heat of the day, and again went on in the evening. And so they travelled for some days, treating their prisoners with kindness, carefully watching them, but allowing them free communication with each other. Their way lay through primeval forests, across plains, great patches covered with the pampas grass, and through lonely valleys, the mountain streams now and then forming picturesque lakes. Dr. Baillie, an intense lover of the beautiful in nature, felt fascinated by the scenery, and, notwithstanding his critical position, gave vent to his admiration to José, who only responded by a groan and a muttered wish that they were safely back in Corico. They arrived at their destination, an Indian encampment, late at night, and next morning early the doctor and José were led before the chief of the tribe, and surrounded by a large crowd of Indians, all eagerly examining the white and black man. The captive doctor tried to assume an indifference he did not feel, for the prospect was anything but pleasant, and life was especially dear to him for the sake of the loved ones he had left. Dr. Baillie respectfully saluted the chief, who, in a stentorian voice, loudly asked his name. Why savage nations, as well as their civilised brethren, will use very loud tones when speaking their language to strangers to this day remains to be explained. The doctor replied in the Chiquita language, "I am Thomas Bissett

Baillie, a doctor in medicine." There was a murmur in the crowd, and an old woman came forward and close up to him, scanned him eagerly, put up her hand and raised the hair off his forehead. "She is the cook," thought the poor doctor; "she is examining if I am fit to kill and eat." Then she clasped her hands, and, raising the end of Dr. Baillie's cloak, laid her cheek on it and wailed forth some unknown mutterings. Then suddenly turning, she threw herself on the ground before the chief and spoke to him in imploring tones. A fierce shout came from the Indians, who all crowded round Dr. Baillie and José. Their situation was no way enviable; several of the oldest among the tribe prostrated themselves, too, before the chief, and the doctor thought his doom was sealed. But astonishment soon drove fear away when the chief advanced to him, and, taking his hand, made him squat on his rug (a rough skin), and signed to José to keep near him, and offered both some cacao leaves to chew. Some Indian drinks and prepared food were then brought, and the chief ate and drank with them, and then the doctor knew he could trust his captors. After the meal they were led to a hut and told to rest in peace. The woman followed them, and drew from a fold in her dress Dr. Baillie's brooch, and, pointing to the small-pox marks on her face, said, "Zuga!" and then he recognised his first patient in the deserted encampment. She called several others whom he had cured, who came and bowed low before the doctor, and laid their faces on the end of his cloak. Next day a grand and noisy feast—Indian fashion—was held in honour of the two, and the day after the doctor and José had each beautiful horses, "saddled" and bridled, presented to them, and they were told to mount. They gladly did so after going round and making their adieu to the chief and to poor Zuga and their other acquaintances, many of whom accompanied them all the day, leading by turns their horses. The chief sent guides with provisions, who did not leave them till they arrived safely at the well-known roads near Corico.

As long as Dr. Baillie continued to reside in Corico, very often in the early mornings, when the door leading to the street was opened, piles of delicious fruits, rolls of tobacco, and skins of animals were found placed there during the night-time, tributes of gratitude from the poor savage but grateful Indians.

In those days revolutions were of everyday occurrence in the then, and even now, unsettled States of South America. During one of these, Dr. Baillie, crossing the pampas from Cordova to Buenos Ayres, was taken prisoner, together with José, his sole attendant, and condemned to be shot, by a stray party of revolutionary soldiers, who mistook him for one of the party opposed to them from the colour of the lining of his poncho (cloak), which was blue. No explanation or remonstrance would these infuriated soldiers listen to. The doctor was tied to a tree and condemned to be shot in an hour. Poor José was allowed to stay near him, but had his hands tied. The soldiers came round examining his clothes, his watch, and settling that they should draw lots for each article; they then left him, and busied themselves preparing their evening meal, and in bringing together the horses to bivouac. A single soldier approached Dr. Baillie and pretended to be carefully examining his clothes; he spoke in a low voice, "Señor Doctor, I well remember you. You saved my leg from being cut off

in the hospital of Coroico nearly two years ago; you watched me like a brother. See, I cut your cords half though. I will let your horses loose. I will free your servant too. Fly for your life." Then the soldier went to José and appeared to examine his clothes too, and cut the rope partly through that bound his hands. He then led the two horses away, as if to water them; and going through the brushwood stealthily, he fired off a pistol. Up jumped such of the soldiers as were seated, off ran those that were standing, all with their fire-arms, in the direction of the shot. With a wrench and a bound, Dr. Baillie freed himself, so did José. They mounted in "hot haste," and escaped. When that revolution was put down, and before another succeeded it, Dr. Baillie made every inquiry for the grateful soldier, but never could find a trace of him.

The good doctor was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and I give one more anecdote to illustrate this. Mrs. Baillie, travelling in the Argentines on her return to her home at Buenos Ayres with her young family and servants, all well mounted, met a party of soldiers, who stopped her, and ordered her to give up the horses for the Government. She had no help for it, so she dismounted, and began taking her children down. One of them, a sturdy little girl, boldly refused to be moved, and screamed and kicked. The officer in command advanced to aid Mrs. Baillie, and seeing the child, he was struck with its likeness to the father. Bowing low, he asked, "Do I address Señora Baillie? Then indeed

the wife and children of my dear doctor and friend are safe;" and he sent soldiers to protect her on her way.

Dr. Baillie and his family removed from South America and settled in Vancouver's Island, where he led a most useful and happy life. One who knew him intimately during those years described him as "so benevolent, so sweet-tempered, so self-sacrificing, and so clever, with a deep sense of religion."

He left Port Townshend, Washington Territory, on the 10th November, 1860, on board the Peruvian ship *Florencia*, intending a speedy return to his home. On the night of the 12th, a violent storm came on suddenly and the vessel capsized. And how was Dr. Baillie found at his last moments? True to his principles of Christian love and duty, trying to aid and save another life, he nobly lost his own. A passenger on board the *Florencia*, Captain Baker, visited Mrs. Baillie some months after the wreck, and told her how it had occurred. The *Florencia* carried a heavy deck-load of timber. On the gale springing up a mast fell, striking the captain of the vessel on the head, rendering him insensible. Dr. Baillie helped to convey him at once to his cabin below, and was trying restoratives, when the second mast sprang. Captain Baker, seeing the imminent danger, ran to the cabin door calling out "Dr. Baillie, save yourself." He saw the good doctor put his arms round the captain, evidently trying to save him; the second mast went down with a crash, the vessel turned over, and the good life ended in a noble death.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

THE KINGFISHER.

ON many streams, and especially those which flow through fertile meads and abound in fish, the kingfisher may be met with, glancing backward and forward like a meteor, dazzling by the brilliancy of its hues as they flash in the sun. Often may it be seen poisoning itself at a moderate degree of elevation over the water, and then darting with astonishing rapidity and suddenness upon some unwary trout or minnow, deep beneath the surface, but which is seldom missed by its assailant, so impetuous is the plunge, and so aided is the bird, in passing through the water, by its acutely wedge-shaped contour of body, and by its burnished plumage. Its ordinary way, however, of watching for its victims, is for it to sit with dogged patience on a branch or tree, or rocky projection overhanging the stream, whence, in silence and alone, it watches every occurrence in the watery element below. Should its prey appear within reach, down it descends instantaneously like a shot, the crystal water scarcely bubbling with the plunge; the next moment it rises up, bearing its prey in its beak, and returns to its resting-place again. The bird now commences the destruction of its captive; without losing its hold, it passes the fish between its mandibles till it has it grasped fairly by the tail, and then ends its struggles by beating its head against the branch on which it sits; it next reverses its position, and swallows it head foremost, or if it have young, bears it away to its ravenous brood.

Though the kingfisher may be often found near the haunts of man, still it prefers lonely and secluded places where it may pursue its instinctive habits without interruption. Its mate is its only

companion, and both labour assiduously in the support of their young. The place chosen for incubation is a steep precipitous or overhanging bank, in which, at some distance above the water, they either form or seize upon a burrow extending about three feet deep, at the extremity of which, without making any nest, the female lays her eggs, about five in number, of a beautiful pinky white. After the young are hatched, it is not long before they are surrounded with a circular mound of disgorged fish-bones (for, like hawks and owls, the kingfisher recasts the indigestible parts of its food), which has led some to suppose that it was of fish-bones that the nest was constructed; such, however, is not the case. The young, almost as soon as fledged, acquire the brilliant plumage of the adult. This is essentially necessary; for in plunging into the water in order to gain its subsistence, the kingfisher absolutely needs this burnished surface for the purpose of throwing off the fluid, and thereby preventing the plumage from becoming saturated. After quitting the nest, the young are led to some secure resting-place, where, clamorous for food, they tax the industry of their active parents; they are, however, soon able to fish for themselves. When winter drives the finny tenants of the rivers to deep and sheltered bottoms, the kingfishers leave the shallow inland streams and pass towards the coast, frequenting dykes and the mouths of rivers, especially on our southern shores, and return inland with the spring.

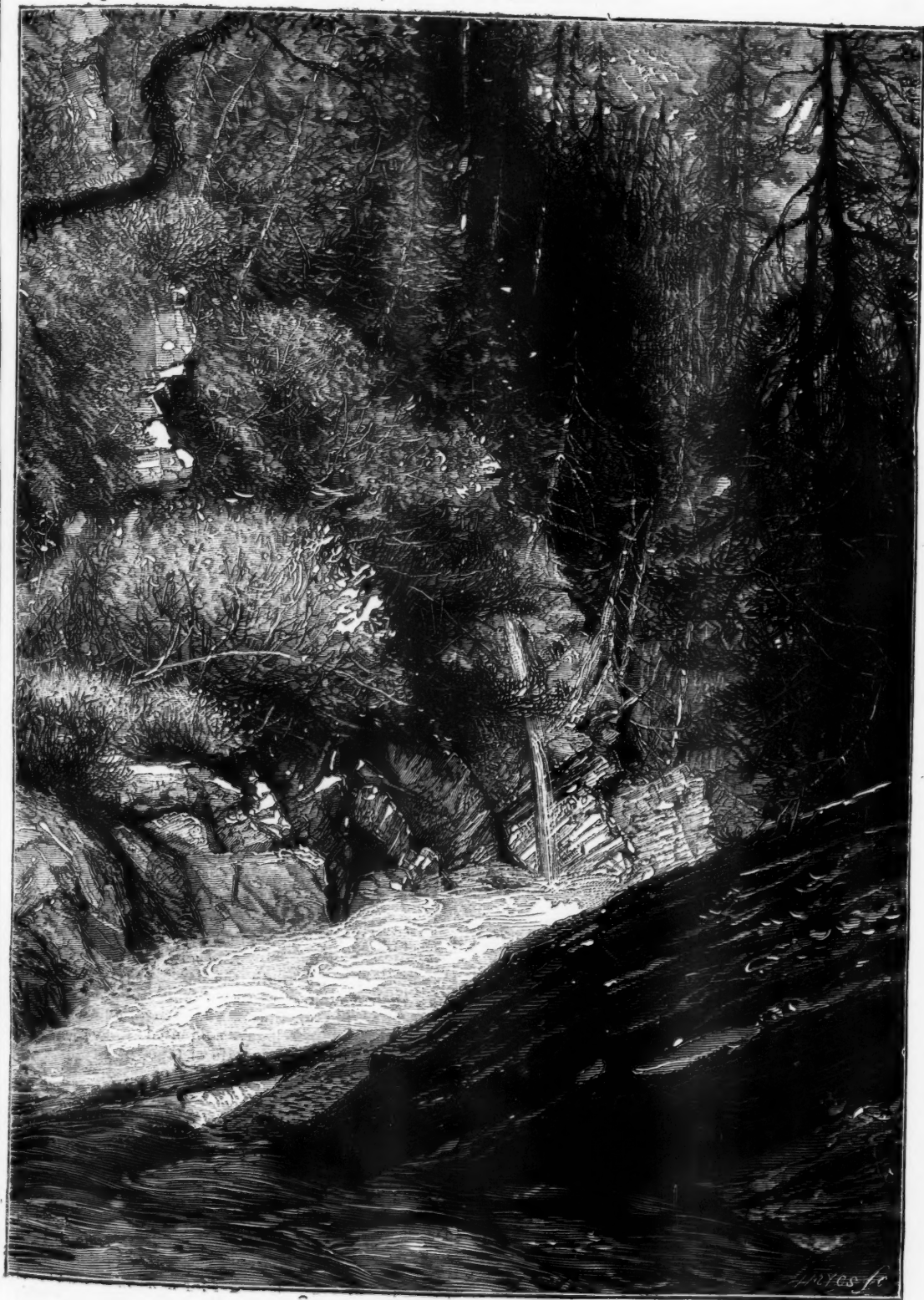
Mr. Edward, the Banff naturalist, has described his first sight of the kingfisher. "What a beautiful bird! What a sparkling gem of nature! Resplen-

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THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT.

dent in plumage and gorgeous in colour—from the bright turquoise blue to the deepest green, and the darker shades of copper and gold." Edward was on a nesting excursion, with some little fellows like himself, along the braes of the Don, and at some distance above the Auld Brig, when he first saw this lustrous bird. "I was greatly taken," he says, "with its extraordinary beauty, and much excited by seeing it dive into the stream. I thought it would drown itself, and that its feathers would eventually become so clogged with water that it would not be able to fly. Had this happened—which, of course, it did not—my intention was to have plunged in to the rescue, when, as a matter of course, I would have claimed the prize as my reward. Thus buoyed up, I wandered up and down the river after the bird, until the shades of even came down and forced me to give up the pursuit; and I then discovered, having continued the chase so long, that I was companionless, and had to return home alone."

THE EAGLE.

From the earliest historical period to the present day the eagle has been extolled as the king of birds. Two special characteristics have often been ascribed to her—namely, devotion to her young and strength of vision. When young, the many allusions to the eagle with which I met inspired me with a strong desire to verify my reading on these points. I was not aware that poetical allusions might not correspond with facts, nor that the eagle of my acquaintance might be a different branch of the eagle family. Having no doubts on these points to cool my enthusiasm, I ventured much and spent much time for years in watching the royal bird. I had no idea of recording the result. I had no acquaintance but would have laughed at my folly. But I enjoyed it, and for any one like-minded I now record the facts, as they are to me fresh as yesterday.

In the most westerly of the Shetland group of islands, a perpendicular cliff, said to be 1,200 feet high, fronts the north-west. A projection at its base rises some 400 feet from the ocean. On the top of this projection a pair of eagles had their nest from time out of mind. Here they yearly reared one or two young eaglets. The nest, being unprotected, was quite visible from the top of the cliff. Here was a splendid opportunity to test the power of her eye. Whenever I appeared on the top of the cliff the eagle tumbled over the cliff off her nest. My eye never once caught her sitting. About nine a.m., with a bright sun, his rays must dash over the cliff with blinding effect to an eye looking up as towards the top of the cliff from the eagle's point of view. The whole 800 feet between me and the eagle's nest was one constant swarm of birds on the wing. Sheep were grazing on the very brink. Fancy such a scene on such a bright morning! I have a spot marked from which the nest is directly visible. I prostrate myself on the ground and crawl to the spot. When there, raise my head until my eye is in a line with the nest—a blazing sun behind me. It is of no use. I simply see her tumble off the nest. Disguise as I might, her eye caught the top of my head, and knew it to be human at a glance, and right in the teeth of a bright morning sun!

One fine morning in May I was seated on the top of a high hill fronting the sea towards the east—for one of my strange freaks when a boy was to climb

the highest hill early to see the sun rise, nor can I ever forget the pleasurable sensation felt as I saw him, on a tranquil morning, rise as if from beneath the ocean—an eagle was high above me, as if fixed in space. I was looking on him, when all at once he put himself in the attitude of darting on his prey, and, like an arrow from the bow, rushed away towards the sea, and was soon invisible. In a little time I saw a flock of gulls in great commotion, moving towards the shore. By-and-by I could discern the eagle coming a space before them heavily-laden. The place where I first saw the gulls was at least three miles from the shore. The object caught by the eagle was a fish. From his position above me to the fish could not be less than four miles. I was struck with it at the time as an illustration of keen vision from great distance, though it has occurred to me since that he may have felt hungry and rushed to a part of the sea which from previous experience he knew to be likely to give him a meal.

On the other point—her devotion to her young—I became intensely interested. Old men were consulted as to whether her nest had ever been reached from above or below, and their testimony was, it had, but not for generations back. I am afraid this report had no deterrent effect, as now the only question was, Shall it be attempted from the base or from the top? The base seemed the most likely, and so, one fine day, with a smooth sea, the bold attempt was made. A boat was rowed to the foot of the cliff, when three fearless youths stepped ashore, leaving an old man to keep the boat, as there was no spot on which to land it. These three, stripped almost naked—clothes being dangerous accompaniments in such undertakings—commenced the perilous ascent of 400 feet. The course was one of much zigzagging, and often a finger and a toe had to bear the whole strain; but after two hours arduous efforts the patch of green on the top was reached, where a hand-to-hand conflict with the eagles was anticipated. Here was the eagle's nest, containing two young eaglets, each about the size of a common hen. The nest stood in the centre of an apparently excavated circle a fathom across each way. An immense heap of sticks and bones formed its base, then lambs'-skins and birds'-skins, with the bones of each, and on the top of all the real nest, tastefully lined with wool, and of a size to be filled by the parent bird while hatching. All around the nest lay the remnants of lambs, ducks, guillemots, etc. And now for the anticipated conflict. But no; both the parents were there, and saw their young ones taken from the nest; heard their cries, too, for they were pinched, and otherwise treated roughly. They contented themselves by loudly protesting at a safe distance of several hundred yards. An old flint-lock of light dimensions had been dragged up in the hope of doing execution on them at close quarters for lambs and ducks carried off. Probably they were aware of this, as all ravenous birds seem to know firearms. Be that true or not, the descent had to be made, with only the young eaglets as trophies, if I except a few other birds taken on the way. The descent was much more difficult than the ascent, but it was managed in safety. The young eaglets were brought home alive and presented to a stranger gentleman then on the island. This led to a market for hens on which to feed them while he stayed. He took them away with him, and here my knowledge of them ends.

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nest. In after years they tried one new place after another, but misfortune followed them, until, from old age or some cause, they gave up breeding. It is a remarkable fact that they never allowed their young to remain on the island. Every year in harvest they drove off their young with merciless violence. They are now bleaching with age, childless and sad. They are of the white-tailed species—fish-eagle.

L. FRASER.

Walls, Shetland.

GULLS.

While some birds cannot live except in the same element and on one kind of diet, gulls seem at home anywhere, and can live on almost all kinds of food. The following remarks will be confined to several species of the gull tribe, which I have carefully observed in both a wild and tame state, the internal formation of which I have often examined.

Clothed with a mass of close feathers, the gulls appear larger than they are in reality, as seen when on ample slowly-flapping pinions they sail along in a circling course, intent on the waves beneath. Rapid though their flight undoubtedly is, their powers are rather calculated for endurance, and the ease with which they make their way. Opposing the head in a direct line to the wind, they ride out the severest tempest, and the higher and rougher the waves, the more abundantly is their prey brought within reach. All gulls prefer a fish diet, but gulls cannot dive to get below the surface. The gull must rise on the wing, and drive herself into the water by main force. She is thus denied the power of selection which the diver possesses, and must take hold where she can, provided the fish is not too large to swallow. In the season when her brood is growing this would prove a serious drawback on the parents' efficiency, but for an internal provision. Fish do not always rise to the surface. At certain seasons of the year, and in severe weather at any season, fish usually swim deep in the water, and give the surface fishers no chance. At such times the gull must depend on shell-fish exposed along the shores by the ebbing tide; and here, too, the gull seems placed at a disadvantage. The crow, if fortunate to find a shell-fish, rises with it into the air, letting it fall on a stone, whereby the shell is broken and the fish easily obtained; but the gull either does not know of this plan or considers it a waste of means, as she invariably swallows the shell-fish whole. But shells are indigestible even for a gull.

The gull, if fortunate to catch a small bird (at a pinch any thing that can go down is acceptable), does not pick its bones like the crow, but swallows it entire, and feathers are as indigestible in their way as shells. Further, the gull, if very hungry, will feed on grain for a time, and seem none the worse, while a bird with a stomach adapted to masticate animal food only could derive no benefit from grain, but positive harm.

The gull may be said to have three stomachs. The first stomach begins at the mouth, or mandibles, extending to the entrance at the breast, where the second, or stomach proper, begins, and which terminates in the third, or gizzard. The entrance at the mouth is more than twice the size of the entrance to the other, so that a fish or other object too large to enter the second stomach is safely swallowed and retained in the first, either till reduced so as to pass

easily, or to be vomited when required to feed young ones. Shell-fish are retained in the first stomach until the fish is wasted out of the shells, which are then vomited.

A small bird is retained in the same way, till only the feathers and harder bones remain, and these are thrown up in like manner. And so with every other indigestible substance taken along with food; it never goes into the second stomach, except grain. These, after a time in the first stomach, pass on through the second to the gizzard, there to be pounded into nourishment for the bird.

The advantages of this remarkable provision in the gull are no doubt many, but the following is instructive and clear. I have seen a gull come to her nest, and vomit a big fish for her young gulls. In less than a minute she swallowed the fish, flew to a projecting crag in sight of her nest, and sat down for half an hour, after which she flew back and vomited the fish to her hungry family. Now this strange proceeding was simply a necessity. A fresh fish will not pick easily off the bones, and the beak of young gulls is soft. The fish in the case before us had been too short a time in the parent's stomach to be easily devoured by the young gulls. Besides, herring is the common fish obtained, and herrings have more or less oil below the skin and about the fins. This oil is very hurtful for young birds—makes them sick and miserable; but a short time in the first stomach of the old gull extracts this oil, sending it on to the second stomach to feed the parent, while the fish is not only rendered more wholesome for her family, but she can afford to give them the whole of it, being herself sustained by the extract. In feeding tame gulls I had to avoid herring diet, although I knew it was much valued by parent gulls; and I failed, as I at last discovered, because I could not extract the sickening oil without spoiling the fish. The process of mastication in the first stomach of the gull is not a little remarkable. Take for example a small bird. The second day after the gull has swallowed it she vomits an object round as a bobbin, about a inch and a half long, or it may be two inches, and tapering to one end like a neatly-formed plug. When this is dry, as it is soon, examine it. It is a compound of feathers, with the legs, feet, bill, and a bit or two of the harder wing bones of the bird carefully folded in the centre. During the time since the bird was swallowed a ceaseless process has been going on to convert the bird into a pulp, and send it on to the second stomach. But the entrance to the second stomach is small, hence a process like whittling a plug—only the reduction goes on in the centre of the plug, not on the surface—until every thing nutritious is extracted, and then the refuse is at once rejected. This process is evidently enjoyed by the bird all the time.

Now, suppose you give a gull fish while the bird is unexhausted in her maw. She takes the fish readily, and apparently the bird lies in her stomach neglected until the fish is disposed of, and then the bird is put into the mill afresh and finished, the only difference being a day later ere the feathery stopper is thrown up.

If a gull is in difficulties she at once throws out the contents of her first stomach—never what has passed on to the second. Does nature anticipate such difficulties by a *press of work* in the first stomach with the object of having its contents stowed away in the second as soon as possible? L. FRASER.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER III.—EFFECT OF AN ITEM OF NEWS.



CHAIRING THE DOCTOR.

ON entering the hall, where the fourth meeting of the Hygienic Conference was being held, Dr. Sarraasin was conscious that he was received with unusual tokens of respect. The Right Honourable Lord Glandover, the president, and chairman of the assembly, had not hitherto condescended to appear conscious of the existence of the French doctor.

This nobleman was an august personage, whose part it was to declare the conference open or closed, and, from a list placed before him, to call upon the various speakers who were to address the meeting.

He habitually carried his right hand in the breast of his buttoned coat, not that it had received an injury and needed support, but only because it was usual among English sculptors to represent statesmen in this inconvenient attitude.

His pale smooth face, marked with red blotches,

and surmounted by a wig of light hair brushed high on a forehead which clearly belonged to an empty pate, possessed an aspect of ludicrous stiffness and foolish gravity. Lord Glandover might have been made of wood or pasteboard, so stiff and unnatural were all his movements. His very eyes appeared to turn beneath their brows by intermittent jerks, like those of a doll or puppet.

The notice hitherto bestowed on Dr. Sarraasin by Lord Glandover had amounted to no more than a slight and patronising bow. It seemed to say, "Good morning, poor man; you are one of those who support your insignificant existence by making insignificant experiments with insignificant machines. How condescending I am to notice a being so far beneath me in the scale of creation! You may sit down, poor man, beneath the shadow of my nobility."

But on the present occasion Lord Glandover smiled most graciously upon Dr. Sarraasin as he

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entered, and even carried his courtesy so far as to invite him by a sign to be seated at his right hand. The other members of the conference all rose when he appeared on the platform.

Considerably astonished by a reception so flattering, Dr. Sarrasin took the chair offered to him, concluding that, on further consideration, his invention had been found of much greater importance than his scientific brethren had at first supposed. But this illusion vanished when Lord Glandover, leaning towards him with a spinal contortion of his body, whispered in his ear, "I understand that you are a man of very considerable property. They tell me you are worth twenty-one million pounds sterling."

This was said almost in a tone of reproach, as though his lordship felt aggrieved at having lightly treated the equivalent in flesh and blood of a sum of money so vast.

His look and tone seemed to say, "Why was I not made aware of this? It really is very unfair to expose one to the awkwardness of making such mistakes!"

Dr. Sarrasin, who could not in conscience have said he "was worth" a penny more than he had been at the last meeting, was wondering how the news should have already become known, when Dr. Ovidius, of Berlin, who sat next him, said with a false and faint smile,

"Why, Sarrasin, you are as great a man as any of the Rothschilds!—so the 'Daily Telegraph' makes out. Let me congratulate you."

He handed the doctor a copy of the paper of Thursday. Among the items of news was to be seen the following paragraph, the composition of which plainly revealed its authorship.

"A MONSTER HERITAGE.—The legitimate heir to the fortune of the late Begum Gokool has at length been discovered, thanks to the indefatigable researches of Messrs. Billows, Green, and Sharp, solicitors, 94, Southampton Row, London.

"The fortunate possessor of £21,000,000 sterling, now deposited in the Bank of England, is a Frenchman, Dr. Sarrasin, whose able paper, communicated

at the Brighton Scientific Conference, was reported in this journal three days ago.

"By dint of a course of strenuous efforts, and amid difficulties and adventures forming in themselves a perfect romance, Mr. Sharp has succeeded in proving indisputably that Dr. Sarrasin is the sole living descendant of Jean Jacques Langévol, the second husband of the Begum Gokool.

"This soldier of fortune was, it appears, a native of the town of Bar-le-Duc in France.

"A few matters of form only require to be gone through in order to place Dr. Sarrasin in full possession of his fortune. A petition to that effect has been filed in Chancery.

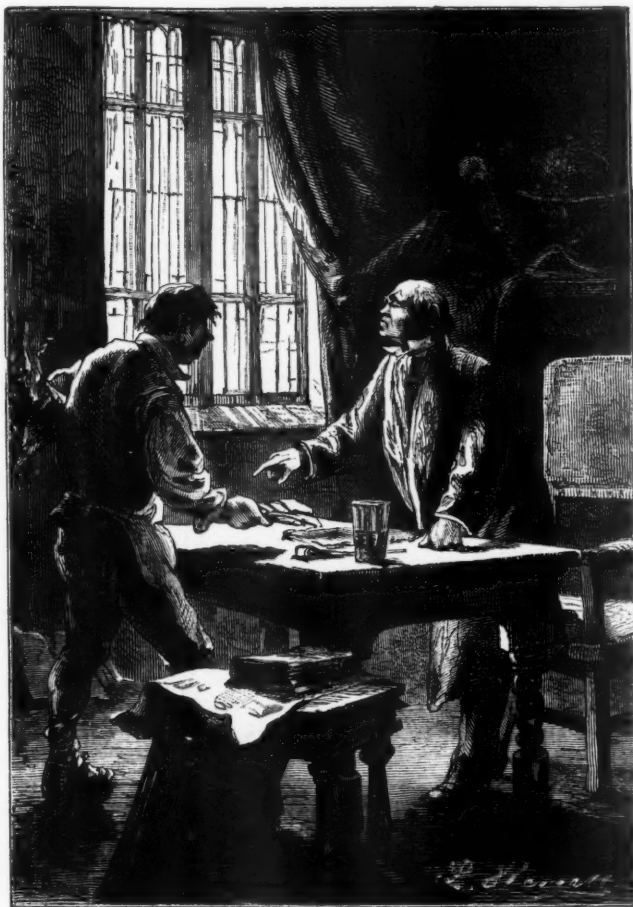
"Very remarkable is the chain of circumstance by which the treasure accumulated by a long line of Indian Rajahs is laid at the feet of a French physician. The fickle goddess might have exhibited the indiscretion she so frequently displays in the disposal of her gifts, but on this occasion she has, we are glad to say, bestowed this prodigious fortune on one who will not fail to make a good use of his wealth."

Oddly enough, as many might think, Dr. Sarrasin was vexed to see his news made public. He not only foresaw the many annoyances it would entail upon him, he also felt humbled by the importance people seemed to attach

to the event. He himself, personally, appeared to dwindle into insignificance before the imposing figures which denoted his capital. He was only conscious that his own personal merits, and all he had ever accomplished, were already, even in the eyes of those who knew him best, sunk in this ocean of gold and silver.

His friends no longer saw in him the enthusiastic experimentalist, the ingenious inventor, the acute philosopher; they saw only the great millionaire.

Had he been a humped-backed dwarf, an ignorant Hottentot, the lowest specimen of humanity, instead of one of its most intelligent representatives, his value would have been the same as Lord Glandover had



PROFESSOR SCHULTZ AND HIS MAN.

expressed it, he "was worth" henceforth just £21,000,000, no more and no less.

This idea sickened him, and the crowd of members, staring with a searching if not a scientific curiosity to see how a millionaire looked, remarked with surprise that a shade of melancholy gathered on the countenance under examination.

This, however, was only a passing weakness.

The magnitude of the object to which he had resolved to dedicate his unexpected fortune rose suddenly before him, and his serenity was restored.

He waited until Dr. Stevenson, of Glasgow, had finished reading a paper on the education of young idiots, and then requested leave to make a communication.

It was instantly granted by Lord Glandover, although the name of Dr. Ovidius stood next on the list. By the marked tone of his voice he indicated that he would have done so had the whole conference objected, or had all the learned men in Europe protested with one accord against such a piece of favouritism.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Sarrasin, "it was my intention to wait for a few days before informing you of the singular chance which has befallen me, and of the happy consequences which may result to science from this event. But, the fact having become public, it would seem mere affectation were I now to delay speaking of it, and placing it in its proper light.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is true that a large sum of money—a sum amounting to many millions—now deposited in the Bank of England, appears to be legally my property.

"Need I tell you that, such being the case, I consider myself simply as a steward, entrusted with this wealth for the use and benefit of science? (Immense sensation.) This treasure belongs not to me, but to humanity—to progress!" (Great commotion—exclamations—applause. The whole assembly, electrified by this announcement, rise *en masse*.)

"Do not applaud me, gentlemen; I know not one man of science worthy of the name who, in my place, would not do what it is my desire to do.

"It is possible that some may attribute to me motives of vanity and self-love in this matter rather than of genuine devotedness. (No, no!) It matters little. Let us look to the results.

"I declare, then, definitively, and without reservation, that the £21,000,000 placed in my hands belongs not to me, but to science! Will you, gentlemen, undertake the management and distribution of it?

"I have not sufficient confidence in my own knowledge to undertake the sole disposal of such a sum. I appoint you as trustees; you yourselves shall decide on the best means of employing all the treasure." (Tumultuous applause—great excitement—general enthusiasm.)

The whole assembly stood up—some members, in the fever of excitement, mounted on the table. Professor Turnbull, of Aberdeen, appeared on the verge of apoplexy. Dr. Cicogna, of Naples, was ready to choke.

Lord Glandover alone maintained the serene and dignified composure befitting his rank. He was perfectly convinced that Dr. Sarrasin intended the whole thing as a pleasant jest, without the smallest intention of actually carrying out so extravagant a scheme,

When quiet was in some measure restored, the speaker continued,—

"If I may be permitted to suggest what it would be easy to develop and bring to perfection, I would beg to propose the following plan."

The assembly, recovering its composure, listened with reverential attention.

"Gentlemen, among the many causes of the sickness, misery, and death which surround us, is one to which I think it reasonable to attach great importance; and that is, the deplorable sanitary conditions under which the greater part of mankind exists.

"Multitudes are massed together in towns and in dwellings, where they are often deprived of light and air, the two elements most necessary to life.

"These agglomerations of humanity become the hotbeds of fever and infection, and even those who escape death are tainted with disease; they are feeble and useless members of society, which thereby suffers great and serious loss, instead of deriving priceless advantage from their healthful and vigorous labour.

Why, gentlemen, should we not, in an effort to remedy this sore evil, try the most powerful of all means of persuasion—that of example?

"Why should we not, by uniting the powers of our minds, produce the plan of a model city, based upon strictly scientific principles? (Cries of Hear, hear.) Why should we not afterwards devote our capital to the erection of such a city, and then present it to the world as a practical illustration of what all cities ought to be?" (Hear, hear, and thunders of applause.)

The members, in transports of admiration, shook hands, and congratulated each other; then, surrounding Dr. Sarrasin, they seized upon his chair, raised him up, and bore him triumphantly round the hall.

"Gentlemen," continued the doctor, on being permitted to resume his place, "to this city, which every one of us can already picture in imagination, and which may shortly become a reality, to this city of health and happiness we will call universal attention by descriptions, translated into all the languages of the earth; we will invite visitors from every nation; we will offer it as a home and refuge for honest families forced to emigrate from over-populated countries.

"Those unfortunate people also who are driven into exile by foreign conquest (can you wonder, gentlemen, that I think of them?) will find with us employment for their activity, and scope for their intelligence, while they will enrich our colony by their moral virtue and intellectual strength—possessions of far higher value than gold or precious stones.

"We will found great colleges where youth will be trained and educated in principles based on the truest wisdom, so as to develop and justly balance their moral, physical, and intellectual faculties, thus preparing future generations of strong and virtuous men."

No language can describe the tumult of enthusiasm which followed this communication. For at least a quarter of an hour the hall resounded with a storm of cheering and hurrahs.

Dr. Sarrasin sat down, and Lord Glandover, once more leaning towards him, murmured in his ear with a knowing wink,—

"Not a bad speculation that! What a revenue you would draw from the tolls—eh? The thing would be sure to succeed, provided it were well

started and backed up by influential names. Why, all our convalescents and valetudinarians would be for settling there at once! Be sure you put down my name for a good building lot, doctor!"

Poor Dr. Sarrasin was quite mortified by this determination to attribute his actions to a covetous motive, and was about to reply to his lordship, when he heard the vice-president move a vote of thanks to the author of the philanthropic proposal just submitted to the assembly.

"It would," he said, "be to the eternal honour of the Brighton Conference that an idea so sublime had been originated there. It was an idea which nothing short of the most exalted benevolence and the rarest generosity could have conceived. And yet, now that the idea had been suggested, it seemed almost a wonder that it had never before occurred to any one.

"Millions had been lavished on senseless wars, vast capitals squandered in foolish speculations; how infinitely better spent they might have been in the furtherance of such a scheme as this."

The speaker, in conclusion, proposed "That, in honour of its founder, the new city should receive the name of Sarrasina."

This motion would have been carried by acclamation, but Dr. Sarrasin interposed.

"No," said he, "my name has nothing whatever to do with this scheme. Neither let us bestow on the future city a fancy name derived from Greek or Latin, such as is often invented, and gives an air of affectation and peculiarity to whatever bears it. It will be the city of welfare and comfort, let it be named after my country. Let us call it Frankville!"

Every one agreed to gratify Dr. Sarrasin in this by acceding to his choice, and the first step was thus taken towards the founding of the city.

The meeting then proceeded to the discussion of other points, and to this practical occupation, so unlike those to which it was usually devoted, we will leave it, while we follow the wandering fortunes of the paragraph published in the "Daily Telegraph."

Copied word for word by all the newspapers, the information contained in this little paragraph was soon blazed abroad, over every county in England. In the "Hull Gazette" it figured at the top of the second page in a copy of that modest journal which, on the first of November, arrived at Rotterdam on board the three-masted collier "Queen Mary."

The active scissors of the editor of the "Belgian Echo" pounced upon it at once; it was speedily translated into Flemish (the language of Cuyt and Potter), and on the wings of steam it reached the "Bremen Chronicle" on the 2nd of November. In that paper our bit of news next appeared, the same in substance, but clothed in a garb of German, the artful editor adding in parenthesis "from our Brighton correspondent."

The anecdote, now thoroughly Germanised, reached the office of the editor of the "Northern Gazette," and that great man gave it a place in the second column of his third page.

On the evening of the 3rd of November, after passing through these various transformations, it made its entrance, between the fat hands of a stout serving man, into the study of Professor Schultz, of the University of Jena.

High as this personage stood in the scale of humanity, he presented nothing remarkable to the eye of a stranger.

He was a man of five or six and forty, strongly

built, his square shoulders denoting a robust constitution, his forehead was bald, the little hair remaining on his temples and behind his head suggested the idea that it consisted of threads of tow. His eyes were blue, that vague blue which never betrays a thought. Professor Schultz had a large mouth, garnished with a double row of formidable teeth, which would never drop their prey; thin lips closed over them, whose principal employment was to keep note of the words which passed between them.

The general appearance of the professor was decidedly unpleasant to others, but he himself was evidently perfectly satisfied with it.

On hearing his servant enter he raised his eyes to a very pretty clock over the mantel-piece, which looked out of place among a number of vulgar articles around it, and said in a quick rough voice,—

"6.55! The post comes in at 6.30. You bring my letters too late by twenty-five minutes. The next time they are not on my table at 6.30 you quit my service."

"Will you please to dine now, sir?" asked the man as he withdrew.

"It is now 6.55, and I dine at seven. You have been here for three weeks, and you know that. Recollect that I never change an hour, and never repeat an order."

The professor laid his newspaper on the table, and went on writing a treatise which was to appear next day in "Physiological Records," a periodical to which he contributed. We may be permitted to state that this treatise was entitled, "*Why are all Frenchmen affected by different degrees of hereditary degeneracy?*"

As the professor pursued his task, his dinner, consisting of a large dish of sausages and cabbage, flanked by a huge flagon of beer, was carefully placed on a round table near the fire. He laid aside his pen in order to partake of this repast, which he did with greater appearance of enjoyment than might have been expected from so grave an individual. Then he rang for coffee, lighted his pipe, and resumed his labours.

It was after midnight when he signed his name on the last page, and retired at once to his bedroom to enjoy a well-earned repose.

Not till he was in bed did he take his paper from its cover and begin to read before going to sleep.

Just as the professor was becoming drowsy, his eye was caught by a foreign name, that of "Langévol," in the paragraph relating to the "Monster Heritage." He tried to call to mind clearly the vague recollections to which this name gave rise. After a few minutes vainly devoted to efforts of memory, he threw away the journal, blew out his candle, and loud snores quickly gave notice that he slept.

By a physiological phenomenon, which he himself had studied and explained at great length, this name of Langévol followed Professor Schultz even in his dreams. The consequence was, that on awaking next morning, he found himself mechanically repeating it. All at once, just as he was going to look at his watch, a sudden light broke upon him.

Snatching up the newspaper at the foot of his bed, he read again and again, with his hand pressed on his forehead, the paragraph which he had all but missed seeing the night before. The light was evidently spreading to his brain, for without waiting to put on his flowered dressing-gown, he hurried to the fireplace, took a small miniature

VARIETIES.

portrait from the wall by the mirror, and turning it round, passed his sleeve across the dusty pasteboard at the back.

The professor was right. Behind the picture he read the following German words, traced in faded ink :—

"Therese Schultz, einegeborene Langévol," which means, "Theresa Schultz, whose maiden name was Langévol."

That evening the professor was in the express train on his way to London.

Varieties.

COFFEE PALACE COMPANIES.—The popularity of these institutions has caused the starting of sham companies, of which the public need to be warned. Readers of the newspapers must have been surprised at the numerous letters from distinguished persons disavowing connection with companies with which their names had been associated as patrons or directors. The swindlers who "promote" such companies use decoy names to entrap unwary donors or shareholders. Of one of these companies a letter in the public journals says : "The general manager is the promoter and founder, and his appointment is made absolute by the articles of association, although his name is suppressed. The term of office is for seven years, at a salary of £500 per annum, and doubtless some grave questions will arise with those who, in ignorance of these facts, have parted with their money for shares." It is the old story of "fools and their money soon parted," and no bait is more easy than well-advertised companies. Let due inquiry be made before joining any scheme, however beneficent or however tempting on paper.

VENICE.—Among the eccentricities of the season of 1879 it may be noted that a high tide on the night of Friday, April 18, submerged St. Mark's Square, which became navigable to gondolas.

SNOWSTORM IN MAY.—The "Times" weather report contained the following paragraph, dated "Swindon, May 1" : The town of Swindon and immediate neighbourhood was to-day visited by one of the heaviest snowstorms of the whole winter. Snow began to fall about half-past six in the morning, and continued without intermission until half-past twelve at noon. The flakes during a part of the time were unusually large, and in the aggregate would have been between two and three feet in depth had not a rapid thaw set in before the storm had ceased.

SPANISH CENSUS.—The results of the census of 1877 have been published. The population of Spain and the adjacent islands is 16,625,860, including 40,741 foreigners. This is an increase of 952,324 since 1860, civil war and emigration having prevented a larger increase. Ninety-four thousand Spaniards inhabit Algeria, and 62,000 other foreign countries.

GLANDERS.—Two girls, daughters of a cabdriver, recently died of diseased throat caught from a horse with glanders. A correspondent of the papers, reporting the cases, said : "It may be worth while to call attention to the facts that a sneeze from a glandered horse in the shafts of a Hansom cab is certain death ; that the drinking troughs are in many cases infected ; and that the inspection of cab horses is a mystery needing solution."

INDIAN RACES.—The first races who entered India were undoubtedly from Turania or Eastern Scythia. They are principally represented at present by the nations and tribes in India located to the south of the River Krishna, and speaking the Canarese, Tooloo, Telugoo, Malayalam, and Tamul languages, which have still a great affinity with the Tartar dialects . . . The races which in the second instance entered India were from Ariana, the eastern part of Iran, or Persia, probably the original seat of the Indo-Teutonic family of nations. They are located in India to the north of the Krishna, and their languages are all derivatives from the Sanscrit, which is cognate with Persian, Gothic, Polagie, Greek, Latin, and many other European languages. Of these last-mentioned races, in their eastern disper-

sions, the "prayer-bearers," or 'Brahmans, by degrees became the hereditary priests . . . The Aryan tribes, in conquering India, urged by the Brahmans, made war against the Turanian demon-worship, but not always with complete success. The mountain and forest tribes are still, as far as Brahminism is concerned, sturdy Nonconformists. In many districts, as in Canara, referred to by Shamrao, Brahminism has been compelled to make a compromise. . . . It is among the Turanian races and the devil-worshippers, as in Tinnevely and other places in the south of India, which have no organised priesthood and bewitching literature, that the converts to Christianity are most numerous.—*Dr. Wilson of Bombay.*

BURNHAM BEECHES.—An announcement of the sale of Burnham Beeches in building lots ought to bring tears to the eyes of all those who have ever had the pleasure of living within reach of their picturesque forms and pleasant shade. The poet Gray called them his own, because there was nobody about to dispute his right to them. Mrs. Grote wandered amongst them on her white pony, whilst Jenny Lind warbled to her ; and Chorley and Miss Mitford managed to get lost amongst them, Chorley ending his afternoon by sitting, tired out, on the top of a five-barrel gate waiting for a chance fly. Then the picnics, the children's teas, the nooks and corners for artists ! Poor old Davis, what would he have said ? Burnham Beeches made a fine background for him and the Queen's. Can nothing be done to save such a lovely spot ? Picture to yourself "Lot 20 : so many acres, containing the Elephant Tree with pretty view, well adapted for the erection of a substantial villa residence ; gravel ; plentiful supply of water ; historical associations ; valuable timber !" — *The World.* [The auction proved a failure, no bid reaching the reserved price ; but the fact that these famous Beeches have actually been offered for sale should stimulate the movement for their preservation.]

PALESTINE AS IT IS.—The population of Syria is stated in consular reports not to exceed the incredibly low figure of 2½ millions in 26,000 square miles. In the country the people are packed in villages containing 100 to 500 inhabitants, and the grounds of a village will average about 10 acres per soul. Two-thirds of the peasantry are Moslem. About 40,000 Jews are said to live in Syria, and in Palestine they are found chiefly in the four sacred cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safel, and in the coast towns. The greater number are poor. The richer class are merchants and traders. The majority of the Jews are Ashkenazim, from Germany, Poland, and Russia. It is said that if fully cultivated, even after the native fashion, Palestine is capable of supporting ten times its present population. The ancient terraces so carefully built up or hewn in the hillsides now produce rich crops—but crops of weeds and thistles. For every inhabited village ten ruined towns are found.—*Lieut. Conder, R.E.*

CHARITY ORGANISATION AND POOR LAW RELIEF.—An influential-attended conference of clergymen and Poor Law guardians was held lately in the vestry of St. Giles's Church, the Rev. Canon Nisbet, the rector, presiding, for the purpose of securing their co-operation with the Charity Organisation Society. Papers were read by the Rev. H. Geary, vicar of St. Thomas's, Portman Square, and by Mr. J. R. Holland, chairman of the Paddington Board of Guardians, respectively. The former complained that the clergy did not co-operate with the society as they should. He advised them to avail themselves of the efficient machinery which the society commanded for ascertaining the real and deserving poor, and to cease from indiscriminate dole-giving. Mr. Holland supported the society because it did a good and necessary work which officially guardians could not accomplish. Its main object was to prevent permanent and hopeless poverty by timely help, and to raise those who, however bad their present circumstances, were yet capable of helping themselves. General Gardiner said he thought charity would eventually entirely supersede out-door relief, as it ought to do. In Marylebone in ten years the amount of out-door relief had been reduced from £19,000 to £8,000. During the discussion which followed, the Rev. A. Styleman Herring, of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, protested against the poor being forced into the poorhouse, and he incidentally mentioned that the workhouses in the Holborn Union were now so full that the board-rooms had to be converted into sleeping apartments. The Rev. C. D. Lawrence, Paddington, stated that in some West-end parishes they had so much money to give away that they had to adopt a laxer principle than the society's, in order to get rid of it. The chairman condemned the distribution of relief tickets as calculated to have a demoralising effect upon their recipients.

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